THE New Republic

The Man Who Got a Good Night's Sleep

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Are We Panic-Stricken?

An Exchange of Views between Frederick L. Schuman and the Editors

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The Missile "Experts" . . . . . *Kurt Stehling*

Maenads, Junkies and Others . . *Robert Graves*

Look Back in Anger. . . *Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.*

DECEMBER 23, 1957

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Washington Wire

Tee, Tee Tee Tee, Tum

MAN WE KNOW hasn't been able to sleep recently; worries too much. Sputniks, missiles, Ike's golf—they all get him down. You know the pattern: "If the President does his job it will kill him; if he doesn't it will kill us"—that sort of thing.

But we met him this week and he looked fine. His hand was steady and a couple of the bags under his eyes had been checked over the counter. "Worry?" he said, "Of course I worry; but now it gives me a good night's sleep. The trick is what you worry about.

"I used to worry about the recess—" (he stopped for a minute and looked troubled) "—about the rolling adjustment. Or thermonuclear war. Or just about Dulles. That would kill sleep for anybody."

He took a big happy breath. "But I've changed all that. Of course a man has to worry. It's instinctive and natural. But you can always pick out imaginative things. I stretch out in bed and think about Dr. Edward Teller's warning to the American Chemical Society that if we keep on heating up the air with modern industry and liberating more and more of that carbon dioxide it will be a disaster. Melt the polar ice caps, you know. Where will Holland and Manhattan and Grace Kelly's baby be then? Teller gives us half a century, when the carbon dioxide content which has already increased two percent rises to 10 percent. Terrible, isn't it? Puts you right to sleep.

"Or population! That's a wonderful thing to worry about. Do you realize we're in a fertility explosion, that the world's 2.7 billion people will be *doubled* by 2000 A.D.? What's happened is, according to the United Nations' Demographic Yearbook just published, modern science is reducing infant mortality so fast the survival rate is simply skyrocketing. I really don't see what we're going to do about that. Standing room only, I should think."

"You mean things like that make you *sleep?*" we demanded.

"Yeah; try it some night. When the thought of Nixon in 1960 gives you the oyster creeps, or you've over-indulged in Eisenhower Euphoria. Tweak your jaded fret buds with full filtered anxieties; wonderfully relaxing."

And our rejuvenated friend went away serenely humming something that sounded like "Every day in every way it's getting worser and worser."

Nixon's Sorry

A EUROPEAN correspondent took his publisher in to see Nixon recently, and they were wonderfully impressed; he was alert, responsible — punch-card memory —all that sort of thing. Gathering courage at the end the publisher said, "And how about Helen Gahagan Douglas?" For a couple of seconds you could have cut the silence with an ice-pick. Then Nixon looked up from his desk with dignified sadness and said, "I'm sorry about that episode."

Sad Nixon probably is. The gathering build-up of the New Nixon can't expunge the old record. Don't mistake us; we think Nixon is able enough and trying to go respectable. But we think the 1960 election, in which he will almost certainly get the GOP nomination, will be one of the most savage in history, and if he gets the Presidency, now or later, his honeymoon with the Democratic Congress will be gone before it's begun.

Just the other day, 250 of the nation's leading physicists at the American Physical Society convention at St. Louis enthusiastically applauded Dr. Edward U. Condon's warning that if Nixon is President scientists had better watch out. Condon recalled Nixon's role in the House Un-American Activities Committee when scientists were a prime target. Nixon boasted in the 1954 campaign that he had persuaded the then Secretary of the Navy Thomas arbitrarily to suspend Condon's security clearance. Condon had been cleared at least three times—and was at work for the Corning Glass Works. He had just completed a pioneer nose cone for ballistic missiles. Nixon publicly boasted that he had got Condon fired and so intimidated Navy subordinates that when the cone arrived from Corning in Washington by truck they refused delivery. A couple of weeks later the Navy sheepishly accepted it as a prototype of models now in use.

The horrors in the Nixon record can't be concealed. He's changed to white tie and tails, but the old butcher's apron is around somewhere.

Incidentally Dr. Joseph Kaplan, chairman of the US Committee on the International Geophysical Year, linked loyalty oaths with America's lag in science last week. He was a witness before a California state assembly subcommittee on constitutional rights. He says that when some of his friends think of Oppenheimer and Condon they shun government work. "Able and loyal Americans who are badly needed by this nation find it impossible to serve," Kaplan reports.

By the way, note that Nixon attended a private indignation meeting here last week called by William C. Foster who co-chairmaned the so-called "Gaither report." This alarming study of Soviet science, financed by the Ford Foundation and submitted to the National Security Council, stressed urgency and has been bottled up at the White House. The all-tycoon committee wants to get it out.

Nixon reportedly sat silent when the Administration was attacked. It is his furthest step yet in Operation Disassociation.

Useful Humility

PUT IN SIMPLEST form our problem at NATO is this: The Soviet has the jump on us in the race for intercontinental missiles (ICBM's) and will have them in operation in maybe 18 months—or two years before we do. To deter Moscow till we catch up we must station short-range missiles (IRBMs) at the half-way mark on European bases. We need those bases for our protection. For the first time it is we, not our allies, who are doing the asking, which makes for useful humility.

We guess the Age of Complacency that culminated in Eisenhower's "not-worried-one-iota" comment on Sputnik is about over. Ike has sowed his wild iotas since then. Which reminds us of Adlai Stevenson's merry comment these days, "You know me—I'm the defeated candidate of gloom and doom."

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *Von Braun's Missiles*

SIRS:

IN HIS PIECE, "The Ears of Midas," in *The New Republic* for November 25, Mr. Gerald W. Johnson has done Dr. Wernher von Braun, Technical Director of the Army's Ballistic Missile Agency, considerably less than justice. Far from being "unable to build a guided missile,"

(Continued on page 23)

Man of the Year

IF THE NOMINATIONS have not already been closed, we have a last-minute candidate to suggest for *Time* magazine's Man of the Year. He is Joe Biggs, a young man who was hired by the Washington, D. C., Post Office to help with the Christmas rush. Our choice might seem surprising, at first glance, but it is entirely reasonable. For at the close of a year that was not distinguished either for firm policies or decisiveness, Joe Biggs demonstrated a capacity for the sort of direct and vigorous action that is the soul of good government.

"Here is the New York mail," said Joe's boss, "all ready to go." And seizing the bag firmly, Joe Biggs made off with it, but not to the Pennsylvania Railroad freight yards, where the New York mail is customarily loaded on trains. That much, at least, was clear to the Postal officials who began to wonder, after several hours had passed, what had become of Biggs, his bag of mail and the truck he had taken. The night shift had gone home and the day shift was hard at work when Biggs was next heard from —by telephone. He called from a service station on the New Jersey Turnpike, 11 miles out of New York, to report that he could go no farther. Neither snow, nor rain, nor gloom of night had stayed him from the swift completion of his appointed rounds, Joe explained, but lack of gas and money. Postal officials, true to the finest tradition of the service, immediately dispatched a truck from New York to bring in the mail. Another truck was dispatched from Washington, with considerably less alacrity, to bring back Biggs.

We honor him. Joe Biggs performed his duty according to his (admittedly somewhat dim) lights, and he did not hesitate to pay for tolls and gasoline out of his own pocket. Such generosity of spirit, such single-minded dedication to the task in hand, are not exactly rampant in the nation's capital just at present. Indeed, it is pleasant to speculate on what might happen if Joe Biggs were permitted to extend his activities. "Here is the satellite, ready to go," we can imagine Neil McElroy saying. Exit Joe, satellite in hand. A few hours later, McElroy's phone rings. It is Joe, calling collect from somewhere beyond the Heaviside Layer with news that the satellite is orbiting nicely but he has run out of money, and would someone kindly send a rocket to bring him home. Or suppose Joe were to interpret, in his own literal fashion, the current opinion that, in order to put an end to the wasteful and dangerous rivalry between the armed services, someone ought to knock some heads together in the Pentagon. Surely the crisp ivory click that would resound when the head of the Army met the heads of the Navy and Air Force, in a conference headed by Joe, would provide wholesome refreshment to the nation at large. And think of what a Joe Biggs might do with farm surpluses. . . .

But these, alas, are dreams. The notion that a part-time postman, because he is vigorous in his own line of work, thereby enjoys a special competence in the intricate art of governing a modern nation is fully as ridiculous as—well, as the notion that a part-time President or a full-time business executive has any such claim.

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How Not to Compete

> THE BIG question facing US foreign aid policy-makers next year is whether loans for overseas economic development are to be made to business firms or to governments. The International Cooperation Administration can make either kind of loan. The loans to business could go to US firms to encourage overseas investments, to foreign business men, or to US firms working jointly with foreign companies on development projects.
>
> —WASHINGTON REPORT, *US Chamber of Commerce, December 6.*

THE WEEK which saw the birth of a federal agency proclaimed as the US answer to Soviet economic penetration of Asia produced this forthright announcement that the "big question" is *not* how to stop the Russians. In this same week, also, the weekly newsletter *Business International* front-paged its private advice to subscribers under a heading: "How To Tap the $300 Million Development Loan Fund."

Now, there is nothing improper in publishing tips on how to profit from federal laws or administrative regulations: a great many people make a good living doing so; we have no quarrel with *Business International.* Nor do we dispute the obvious fact that industry, in many cases *only* US industry, does indeed possess technology needed in Asia, and that the new Loan Fund can properly channel some of its funds to US investors and their Asian counterparts. But it is one thing to admit private investors into our aid program and another to turn the program over to them.

Unfortunately, even the able Deputy Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, C. Douglas Dillon, who we suspect knows better, promises (in a recent speech to the National Foreign Trade Council) that,

> all of us who are concerned with the management of the Fund will cooperate fully with private investors and established lending institutions to make sure that the Fund will *in no way compete* with them but will, on the contrary, stimulate their overseas activities as much as possible (italics ours).

Such loyalty to the welfare of private investors seems beyond even the call sounded by Congress; for although Congress did say, in establishing the Loan Fund, that it "shall be administered so as not to compete with private investment capital," it was then whispered and thereafter assumed that the Fund could still be administered pragmatically, taking into account the peculiarities of each country's economy.

Let us try to imagine how Mr. Dillon's pledge would in practice affect the use of the Loan Fund in the economic competition with the Russians. Suppose an American firm had its eye on the vast, potential market in India for electrical equipment. This firm would like the Indian Government to grant it favorable terms for setting up a factory in, say, New Delhi. The Indian Government, however, has already decided that the electrical equipment industry which is to be developed in India is going to be operated under public control. It would welcome help from the US Loan Fund in getting such development underway; but our Fund, if it is "in no way" to compete with American firms, could have nothing to do with the project—however useful the project might be from the point of view of the Indian economy or of US competition with the Russians.

The Russians, one sometimes suspects, are less burdened in their international dealings by ideology than our "realistic" businessmen-in-government. The Soviets are today helping the non-Communist Indian Government construct a steel mill and two heavy-machine-building plants—both publicly owned

We find it depressing to think that we may have to wait three years (and perhaps longer than that) before there is an Administration in Washington willing to tell businessmen candidly why US business cannot be the axis around which our foreign economic policy revolves.

Wall Street Jitters

"IT WAS AN 'Eisenhower market' again this week," the AP Financial Roundup on Sunday, December 1, began. "The President's health was by far the dominating factor in Wall Street. . . . On Tuesday came the news of Eisenhower's illness and it was one of the year's sharpest breaks. . . . Overnight news of the President's progress was enough to send stocks bouncing back vigorously in a surprising recovery." Why should our financial markets, at this stage of their maturity, be subject to such whimsies? In part, it is because our Stock Exchange system is archaic.

US stock exchanges are auction markets, and therefore free markets in the true sense of the term. Each stock issue is allotted a special locale on the Exchange floor where the agents for buyers and sellers are required to go to make their transactions. For each major stock there are one to three "licensed" dealers or "specialists" who, in consideration for their licenses, are supposed to minimize fluctuation of prices of stocks in which they deal.

Why, then, when ileitis or coronary occlusions occur, do not the "specialists" prevent wild gyrations in the market? Largely because they are not adequately capitalized, experts say. When small stock holders, frightened in times of crisis, rush into the market to sell, the specialists should be able to absorb most of the offerings until the large buyers have time to come in with their orders. Exchange members say frankly that today most specialists do not have the money to do this.

The result is that small investors get hurt in the squeeze and the public loses confidence in stocks as a long-term stable investment.

The Securities and Exchange Commission could do

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something about this. The simplest and most effective move would be to raise the capital requirement for licensed "specialists." The Exchange objected when this was first proposed in the early 30's. (The "specialists" constitute a majority on the Board of the Exchange; they want the privileges of their position without the obligation to keep order.) The SEC might also require the Exchanges to supervise the movement of stocks more closely and intervene to defer quotations temporarily when crises occur.

Certainly some new shock absorbers are needed.

Labor Closes Ranks

THE McClellan Committee perhaps unintentionally, has helped the AFL-CIO develop a new character. Fear that exposures of corruption would result in repressive labor legislation has produced a degree of centralization in the federation that was not foreseen.

In the years that William Green served as its president, the AFL parent body limited its functions largely to legislative lobbying and minor educational, social and international activity. Under George Meany the central AFL increased its political interest and became more vigorous, but the center of initiative and authority continued to lie in the 135 affiliated unions. During the Green regime, the AFL was helpless to do anything to arrest corruption or change the leadership of individual affiliates on the theory that each union was "autonomous." Meany has now brushed this concept aside. Today, the central body is growing into a police force and the conscience of labor as a whole. Meany's assistants policed the clean-up operations in the Allied Industrial Workers Union, the Distillers and the United Textile Union. And the AFL-CIO leadership is making it categorically clear that every union must submit to the federation's poking its collective nose into an affiliate's internal affairs, or accept the alternative of secession or expulsion. Before Meany is willing to lift the suspension on the Teamsters, Bakery Workers, Laundry Workers or Distillers they must not only conform to the ethical practices code of the Federation but must accept day-to-day guidance from above.

This is something new and undoubtedly presages a fundamental change in the power structure of the labor movement. For example, when the Retail Clerks union was in difficulties with Montgomery Ward recently the AFL-CIO itself participated in the bargaining process. Admittedly this was by invitation of the Clerks, but there is little doubt that the central AFL-CIO will soon be involved in other collective bargaining for the smaller and weaker affiliates. Even the hassle over jurisdiction between the 3-million-strong Building Trades Department and the Industrial Union Department headed by Walter Reuther seems now to be merely a passing incident.

The Long Arm of Texas

TEXAS oilmen at first sat in stunned silence when the word came down that the Eisenhower Administration they had done so much to put in office had filed suit to clarify the 1953 Tidelands bill to Texas' disadvantage (*NR*, Dec. 9, 1957). Congress in that bill had declared only that the states have title to lands "to the 3-mile limit or their historic boundaries." The Department of Justice in the last days of Herbert Brownell's regime filed suit in the Supreme Court to prove that this meant no state could claim title to any offshore lands beyond the 3-mile limit. But, replied Texas, the "historic boundaries" of the Republic of Texas extend 10.5 miles. (Candidate Eisenhower made a big point of agreeing with Texas in '52 and '56.)

Now the heat is on to force the President to force his Department of Justice to support the Texas view. The legal speciousness of a double standard of states' rights to offshore lands (10.5 miles for Texas; 3 miles for every other state) is obvious. And the federal government's need in the age of Sputniks for the hundreds of millions of added revenue it could gain from leases on these lands is equally clear. (Texas and Louisiana are proceeding to lease and collect rents on lands far beyond the 3-mile limit while the litigation is still underway. That income, one may guess, will never find its way back to Washington.) Nevertheless a letter carrying President Eisenhower's signature was sent on December 4 to the oilman who is Texas' representative on the Republican National Committee reassuring him that Mr. Eisenhower still feels that Texas' claim to the 10.5 boundary is just and that his opinion will be conveyed to the Supreme Court in the Justice Department brief. (For what possible interest he does not specify.) And Mr. Eisenhower's new Attorney General, in his first press conference a few days later, made it clear that he will seek to reverse the stand for the 3-mile limit on state ownership which Solicitor General Lee Rankin has taken before the Supreme Court and instead work out some devious legal way of proving that Texas should be treated as a law unto itself.

It's that, or give Texas back to the Democrats on the preliminary form charts for 1960.

Private Wires

DISCOVERY and invention have made it possible for the government, by means far more effective than stretching upon the rack, to obtain disclosure in court of what is whispered in the closet. . . . Can it be that the Constitution affords no protection against such invasions of individual security? . . . As a means of espionage, writs of assistance and general warrants [which are outlawed by the Constitution] are but puny instruments of tyranny and oppression when compared with wiretapping. . . . The makers of our Constitution undertook to secure conditions favorable to the pursuit of happi-

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> ness. They recognized the significance of man's spiritual nature, of his feelings and of his intellect. They knew that only a part of the pain, pleasure and satisfaction of life are to be found in material things. They sought to protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions and their sensations. They conferred, as against the government, the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men.

So wrote Justice Brandeis in 1928 in the case of one Olmstead, whose conviction of bootlegging rested on wiretap evidence. But these lovely passages, recalling us to the noblest traditions of our society (and if there is an air of quaintness about them, it is a measure of how far we have fallen), were written in dissent. It could be, the majority held, "that the Constitution affords no protection against such invasions of individual security." Such is still the law.

A few years after Olmstead's case was decided, however, Congress in the Federal Communications Act of 1934 provided the inherently more uncertain safeguard of a statute in lieu of the Constitutional guaranty that the Court had withheld. Applying the Communications Act, the Court has now, in the course of the first big Opinion Monday of the new Term, held that evidence obtained by state officers under a state statute purporting to legalize wiretapping could not be used in a federal prosecution.

But the effect of the decision should not be overestimated. Under earlier decisions of the Court, still apparently valid, no restrictions are placed upon the use of wiretap evidence in criminal prosecutions conducted in state courts. And in its most recent decision the Court, over the dissent of Mr. Justice Frankfurter in which Mr. Justice Douglas joined, held that it does not constitute forbidden wiretapping under the Communications Act for a police officer to listen in on an extension, without the knowledge and of course without the permission of the maker of the call.

SANTA WITHOUT STRINGS

Washington sends Santa out
  On his goodwill mission;
Nobody should go without,
  Sending a petition.
Liberally Congress made
  Christmas allocations
Counting in for foreign aid
  All denominations.

"I will give you what you need,
  If you know it, telling;
Be what may your race and creed,
  Leave gifts at your dwelling;
Though it be in South Korea,
  Libya or Liberia,
Pakistan or Eritrea,
  Ghana or Nigeria,

"In Ceylon or in Siam,
  Or in Asia Minor,
Or in Spain or in Siam
  (Which was Indo-China).
All will get assistance free,
  Or be free to borrow,
Though I know debts will not be
  Met for many a morrow."

"For the love of Allah, arms!
  Expedite a shipment;
Stocks for factories and farms
  Send without commitment!
Edible and useful things
  For both prince and peasant,
But we don't want any strings
  To your Christmas present."

So says Slavs and Singhalese,
  African and Asian
In Arabic and Japanese,
  Serbian and Croatian.
They the quid pro quo reject
  In polylingual phrases—
Santa Claus need not expect
  Treaties, pacts or bases.

Santa says "To all who come
  I am open-handed,
At Christmas time in Christendom,
  No return's demanded.
Aid for Franco I provide,
  For Nasser, Nehru, Tito,
But by strings they are not tied
  To NATO or to SEATO.

"On the waters cast thy bread,
  Later thou shalt find it!
Santa's feast for all is spread,
  With no strings behind it.
Pure goodwill my gifts express,
  In your plight distressing—
He whose gifts relieve distress
  Shall himself find blessing."

Sagittarius

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The Missile "Experts"

by KURT STEHLING

A FEW MILLENIA hence some of our mutated descendants will scratch through the still radioactive rubble of our civilization, looking for such artifacts as 30-foot-long cars and oddly shaped liquor bottles. First, however, they will have to penetrate through two distinct carbonized layers of paper which we can classify simply into besput and asput, meaning before Sputnik and after.

The besput layer, only a few feet thick, is the written output of thousands of amateur space flight experts who in the besput age were content to call themselves only "experts." The asput layer is very much thicker and represents the outpourings of these same thousands who now call themselves world-renowned rocket physicists and authoritative civilians. Never before except in the time of alchemists and necromancers have such disgraceful spectacles been seen as those of grown men (women are too pragmatic and sensible) cavorting about the countryside from space flight meetings to symposia, pouring out a maelstrom of breast-beating, half-baked opinions and forecasts. The few good publications and writers and those industrial and government technicians who are painfully trying to advance our missile technology must contend with these amateur missile quacks and plagiarizers while they work.

The recent malfunction of the US satellite launch vehicle has triggered a new avalanche of asininities from the armchair Einsteins who froth about our "complete scientific breakdown," "loss of face," "total collapse," "end of NATO," etc. Few gave a thought to the weary field crew, many of them working 40 hours without sleep in the recent cold wave at Cape Canaveral. Those men did an astounding job of readying and tuning a complicated rocket which is a masterpiece of precision manufacture.

But this was really just another rocket vehicle and a small one at that. From the US and foreign screeching (some of it gleeful) one would think the entire SAC airfleet had crashed. Is this little rocket then becoming the US national symbol of technical might? It is surprising that we haven't begun to worship and deify rockets. If this tremendous nation with its great reservoir of morale and energy and industrial plant almost equal to that of the rest of the world has to depend on a wee rocket for its national prestige and standing among foreigners we might as well throw in the sponge and recall our foreign aid and dig bomb shelters.

There is no rocket program in this country which has the spirit of earnestness, selflessness and dedication the Vanguard program has. It has been and is supposed to be now a reasoned scientific undertaking and not a propaganda device. Since we didn't orbit first, why not forget the Sputnik and concentrate on the job instead of dancing around like a Flamenco artist? So what if we weren't first this time? Are we always going to insist on being first in *all* technical enterprises?

"Space" has barely begun to be penetrated. A 300-mile altitude satellite is only the peculiar flight path of a ballistic missile programmed for this purpose. Nothing magical. The Russians, British and French can all point to failures of new ships, jet airliners and military aircraft in the last few years. Yet this has not been considered a national catastrophe by these nations, and they are technically more vigorous than ever.

☆

We can learn as they did. But not if we accept asput asininities as facts. One such leading piece of nonsense is that the Russian rocket shoot demonstrated our backwardness in the missile field and in "basic research." Since most taxpayers do not really understand "basic research," poorly-informed writers—and university administrators looking for more money from the public trough to keep their bureaucratic moss-grown reliquaries tottering along—find it a safe issue to croak about.

Russia has jet air transports before we do because some authority or ministerium decided that she should have. The same was true of Sputnik. With a no-nonsense approach, only a few, but well working, rocket elements were built, derived to some extent from German experience. These elements, probably in the form of a two-stage vehicle such as the German A9-10 combination, were then fired and an orbit achieved. Had it been clearly established as national policy many years ago that the US must have a satellite or any other space vehicle, we would have had one. But the conflicting interests which must be satisfied in a democracy did not agree. The trouble with our missile program as I see it is not backwardness in basic research or lack of spending for scientific education. We do not need to pour more gold into the bubbling pot; rather, less money should be spent but better applied.

Our scientific research output per year is vast, and our engineering and science schools and our libraries are bulging. We graduate each year legions of trained fact-gatherers. Yet the Russians are beating us; because they are not burdened with as much fat as is our technical and educational empire, heavy as it is with duplication, research projects going on to eternity and wastage of scientific manpower in many industries. The inevitably few good people in our research institutions are tied up in

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administrative tangles or in huckstering for government contracts. In industry, too, thousands of engineers are working at low efficiency, deafened by the rattling of typewriters and the whine of motorized duplicating machines, all spewing forth a compost heap of paper work.

If these conditions continue, the comparative "learning curve" (not the fact-assimilation curve) will more and more favor the Russians.

By plotting a curve of the growth of the number of motor cars, telephones and sour mash vats in our country, it is possible to conclude that we have a higher standard of living which will, for the foreseeable future, keep us ahead of not only the Russians, but all the rest of the world. But it is not so easy to compare the rather intangible parameter of "learning" or amount of scientific knowledge accumulated or acquired per year. What is the quantitative substance of our intellectual reservoir and what is the index of comparison? The number of Ph.D. or D.Sc. theses published? Patents granted? Nobel or other international prizes awarded? (Comparison here with Russia is difficult since Russian scientists have to be content with home-grown awards.) The square feet of research laboratory space and the quantity of research apparatus available? Even a cursory glance at the rest of the world's standing in these areas shows that we lead in quantity. Our curve enfolds a larger area than does Russia's and our lead is real.

It does not really matter very much to us, after all, if Russia's material standard-of-living curve intersects ours in a decade or two—as it may. We cannot increase the *number* of gadgets for our use much more.

What is much more important is whether we can maintain our lead in the cultural and intellectual sphere, with Russia's curve climbing, paralleling but never intersecting ours. Our great technology is an inverted pyramid resting on a small point of original invention and genius. Expanding upwards and sideways from this point is a great top-heavy structure of engineering "research and development" consisting of thousands of research projects in thousands of government, university and industrial laboratories; tens of thousands of engineers and scientists in these laboratories working on projects often exactly paralleled only a few miles away. The writer has seen, in the same rocket research group, two identical research projects carried on, with the same objective but duplicated, not because of urgency or necessity, but because of jealous empire building and inept supervision.

Of course the Russians have dead wood and bureaucrats too. But, as Professor Sedov, a member of the Russian Academy of Sciences, told the writer in Barcelona recently, Soviet scientists are not allowed to indulge in the luxury of unnecessary paperwork and duplicated projects for the simple reason that their country is "too poor" to support such a burden. "It is necessary," Sedov said, "to think *ahead* in Russia and plan our scientific projects."

Our missile industry, in comparison, suffers not only from a glut of uncoordinated data but also from a glut of engineers. Many employers of technical personnel slavishly insist on a science graduate for even menial tasks which could be handled by technical high school graduates. We don't need more graduate engineers but rather working people who have acquired an instinctive understanding of complicated mechanisms and who are not preoccupied with paper shuffling.

Perhaps the most important element in the comparative learning curves of the US and the USSR, however, is in the *direction* of the scientific enterprises and community. The Russians could overtake us by training scientists not so much in how to get along in an organization (the individualist or "questioning" thinker is quickly beaten down in American industry) or in how to write a lengthy report, but in thinking through a problem from first principles in an environment that allows concentration.

Our industrial scientists are at the mercy of a capricious management which has to satisfy shareholders; many industries today live from day to day off government contracts (equally capricious). The really able technical man is either submerged in a poisonous hell of "politicking" and scratching for prerogatives, or he learns to be a conformist and breaks into the coveted managerial class with all its privileges of extra pay, travel to meetings, expense accounts, no time card and a parking spot near the door. Then he rarely has the opportunity to use his scientific talents, busy as he is in maintaining his position.

Our government scientists are perhaps the most dedicated group of the scientific community. They have to be: the pay, fringe benefits and promotion policies they face are years behind those of industry. However, they often have excellent physical research apparatus to work with, and this helps to keep many scientists in government laboratories despite the obvious attractions on the outside.

Given all this, there are two beginning steps which would greatly strengthen our scientific capacity, while we are at work on the fundamental job of improving the quality of our education and research.

In the area of space flight we can unify our diffuse activities by establishing an Astronautical Organization, where our most brilliant university graduates can work undisturbed, studying and teaching the space dynamics and methodology which the great coming age of space flight requires. And we can back it up with an agency similar to the Atomic Energy Commission with the power to decide the intricate geo-space policies necessary to gain the lead in the conquest of this third dimension.

We must gird ourselves for intense scientific competition in which the winner will be the society which has mastered the deepest secrets of nature; which knows how to apply them for their most propitious propaganda effect and which thinks in terms of the solar system rather than our few square miles on earth.

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The Superficial Aspect

What Blew Up?

THIS ADMINISTRATION promised, in the words of the late (politically) Charles E. Wilson, "a bigger bang for the buck." It has delivered. The bang at Cape Canaveral on December 6 was so tremendous that its full magnitude may not be realized for years, but we know already that it far exceeds anything in recent history.

A test rocket blew up there, but that in itself was trivial. The significance of the accident to the rocket is that it triggered an enormously greater detonation—it exploded the Madison Avenue Myth, and that was a bang that knocked Uncle Sam off his perch, jolted and may have shattered NATO, and swept the inhabited globe with a blast of laughter.

The Madison Avenue Myth is the theory that the techniques of advertising may be as effective in promoting statecraft as they are in selling soap. The Myth first gained dominance over Administration minds in 1952, by its magnificent success as a detergent in cleansing the then Senator Nixon of the film of oil that covered him by the discovery that he had been accepting a subsidy from oil interests. It maintained its sway until the streak of fire traced across the sky by Sputnik lighted a fuse under it. That fuse set off the rocket, and the rocket, it may be hoped, has done for the Myth.

The alert and agile Vice President was the first prominent Republican leader to see the point, and he has been making a tremendous and not unsuccessful effort to confine attention to the rocket itself. He has been trumpeting to the world that the failure of the rocket did not greatly matter, which is quite true. Nobody was hurt, and the technicians may have learned more from the failure.

The shattering detonation was not that of the rocket, but that of American prestige, and it was caused by incredibly stupid handling of psychological high explosives. The engineers may be relied on to correct the mechanical defects that made a mess of the firing pad and the Florida beach; but who is going to correct the errors that made a monkey of the United States?

That is the question with no clear and present answer. The Vice President is clever, and he may divert attention from it; but if it gets no answer the prospect before this country and the other nations that have followed our leadership is anything but rosy.

In theory the man to take over and straighten things out is the President. Much of the damage is irretrievable, but if Mr. Eisenhower were in position to present at the NATO meeting a program sensible, vigorous, and not based on the now outmoded concepts of the New Deal and the Fair Deal, he might make shift to hold the democratic coalition together.

But at this writing he who thinks the President is in any such position is an optimist indeed. Mr. Eisenhower is a sick man, necessarily leaning heavily on the advice of those around him, and the quality of that advice is illuminated by the Stevenson incident. The idea in calling on Mr. Stevenson was exactly the idea Roosevelt had on calling on Mr. Willkie in 1942, namely, to enlist the prestige of a brilliant opposition leader to strengthen the bipartisan foreign policy. But Roosevelt handled the matter deftly and with immense success; Eisenhower handled it ineptly and it was a flop.

They really had Stevenson in a split stick. When an American citizen is called by the President of the United States he has to go, or look like a dreadful heel. So Stevenson went, reluctantly, but promptly. Then Hagerty fluffed it by saying that he had refused, Sherman Adams made a snide remark about Stevenson's ability, Eisenhower couldn't take time to see him because he had to go and play some golf, and when he did at last see him a week later, said he might go to Paris as a sort of hanger-on, if he wanted to. The upshot was to create public sympathy for Stevenson and to enable him to bow out with dignity.

Many people believe that Eisenhower's course in this affair was guided by the Palace Guard; and if they handle an American, whom they should understand, so clumsily, how can they be expected to be tactful in handling European, Asian and African leaders, whom they do not understand? Yet tactful handling of these leaders was always urgent and is imperative after the rocket fiasco.

THE somber truth is that there is no strong hand on the helm at the moment when a strong hand is desperately needed. Nor is there much likelihood of an improvement in the situation as long as Eisenhower continues to cling to the Presidency despite his medical record. The actual physical condition of the President is beside the point. The whole world knows that he has had a cerebral accident, and the world simply will not bank heavily on a man who is known to have had even a mild stroke. This lack of confidence may not be justified, but there it is, and Madison Avenue's cleverest copy-writers cannot remove it. The Myth is exploded and, as Mr. Dooley used to say, there y'are.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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A Communication from Frederick L. Schuman

How Real Is the Soviet Military Threat?

THE LEAD EDITORIAL of December 9 on "NATO's Future" and Hans J. Morgenthau's trenchant article in the same issue on "The Decline of America" are valuable contributions, as usual, to clarity of thought regarding the new dilemmas of a bewildered West. But both pieces, I submit, rest upon three false assumptions and therefore arrive at conclusions which are irrelevant or inoperable.

The first assumption is that military power, now as in the past, is a relative quality and that one side or the other in the arms race can gain ascendancy. The assumption is false because for all practical purposes both the US and the USSR now possess the means of annihilating one another in war. American strategists have boasted of this capacity for years. Soviet strategists now boast as well, less blatantly but with equal justification. The Russian ICBM, of which Khrushchev has wisely said "You will have it too," does not change the atomic stalemate. It merely makes crystal clear that the power of co-annihilation is now equal on both sides.

All weaponry beyond what is needed to consummate the total extermination of the entire enemy population is sheer surplus and waste. When each side can destroy the other, all calculations of relative strength are pointless and all talk of "superiority" or "inferiority" is nonsense. Russia has not won, and America cannot regain (whether by "crash programs," "strengthening NATO," or any other formula), something which no longer exists—*i.e.*, a safe margin of armed power over the foe. Why then write of "a restoration of power," a "national effort comparable to that following Pearl Harbor," or "mobilizing the resources of our European allies and building a solid bastion of mutual defense"? All "defense" is obsolete.

The second fallacy in your analysis is the popular premise that Muscovy has been "deterred" for a decade from overrunning Western Europe and attempting the "conquest of the world" only by America's greater military might. The current hysteria is a product of this premise. Since the parity of power is now self-evident, it follows from the premise that the West will be attacked unless it can swiftly restore its "superiority" in the arts of destruction. But the premise is false and has always been false. At no time have Muscovite policy-makers contemplated any such insane course, nor are they doing so now. This has been pointed out for years by such eminent authorities as John Foster Dulles (when he was still capable of grasping reality), George Kennan, James Warburg, and others among us with some knowledge of Russia. Nobody listened. Hence the present panic, which is an absurdity. The pity is that *The New Republic* and Hans Morgenthau should be found among the panic-stricken.

The third error is the belief that America and Western Europe can somehow "solve" their military problems and thus attain "security" and presumably compel Marxland by sheer "strength" (Hans knows better!) to capitulate in "unconditional surrender" to Western demands. These demands, at maximum, imply the doom of Communism. At minimum, they postulate ultimate Communist acquiescence in the reunification of a rearmed Germany allied with the West against the East, "liberation" of Eastern Europe, Western inspection of Soviet disarmament, the permanent exclusion of Russia from all voice in Mideastern affairs, and the mysterious, albeit felicitous, disappearance of Communist China. In either variant, these policies are no more than vain exercises in wishful thinking. All military problems, moreover, are now insoluble. Security through cooperation is possible. But security through armaments is wholly unattainable. As long ago as 1910 Norman Angell in *The Great Illusion* contended that under modern conditions "war, even when victorious, can no longer achieve those aims for which peoples strive." His argument today has megaton force.

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Safety in our time requires co-existence, disengagement, and the negotiation of a *modus vivendi*—none of which is even hinted at in the issue of December 9. Western weakness, to be sure, must be overcome, since peace depends upon a continuation of the "balance of terror." To expose the Moscow atheists to temptation would be both imprudent and unchristian. But efforts to restore Western strength will prove meaningless and potentially fatal unless they are envisaged as concomitants of a resumption of East-West negotiations. Obviously no return to diplomacy is possible so long as Ike is ill and Foster remains Secretary of State. But these things too will pass away.

Liberals, I believe, have an obligation to explore the problems of negotiating a tolerable peace between Free-

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land and Marxland. To cringe in fear before a fantasy and to dwell obsessively upon military needs which have become unreal is no service to liberalism, however defined, or to the cause of human survival. Here's hoping that *The New Republic* in coming issues will face the facts and will contribute, with customary lucidity, to helping Americans and all mankind avoid thermonuclear genocide and suicide and resume the search for the Good Life in the Good Society.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Williamstown, Mass.

. . . and a Reply by the Editors

The New Republic does not believe in cringing in fear before a fantasy, or dwelling obsessively upon military needs which have become unreal, or becoming panic-stricken. (The present danger, however, is on the other side; complacency is more prevalent throughout the country than hysteria.) We too wish to "face facts" and are aware of the horrifying consequences of another large-scale war. We too advocate a more intensive search for those agreements between "Marxland" and "Freeland" which would permit peaceful coexistence. We find much in US foreign policy to criticize and believe that the leadership we have had over the past five years may have done us irreparable harm. We favor disarmament; we work for the day when world order supplants international anarchy.

Now, to come to grips with Professor Schuman's objections. This is not easy to do, since he often is attacking a position *The New Republic* has not taken. His misreading of where we stand is apparent in many places. Thus, he charges that we are simply chasing our tail when we urge military "supremacy" by the US. We have not spoken of "supremacy," but of parity. We have spoken of the danger of declining to the point where either we or our allies could be blackmailed by the Soviet Union with impunity. Today or soon, the Soviet Union can lob atomic bombs onto continental America, either from submarines or by means of long-range ballistic missiles. Furthermore, there is all too great reason for believing that Soviet intermediate-range missiles could today knock out our overseas air bases. Our Strategic Air Command is an uncertain asset so long as these bases are within range of Soviet missiles—assuming sufficient accuracy of those missiles and a sufficient number of them. We have editorially said that extraordinary effort must be made by the US and the West to catch up with and stay up to the Russians, *so that a stalemate may in fact exist*. A rough equality, not "superiority," is the goal. A stalemate (which at the moment is the best we can get) is not a static thing. What is a stalemate one day may disappear the next, should, for example, one side and one side only enjoy success not expected by the other side in setting up an anti-missile missile system. A stalemate is maintained only by positive and continuous effort and expenditure.

It is true, as he says, that "all weapons beyond what is needed to consummate the total extermination of the entire enemy population is sheer surplus and waste." But the technological advance may, from time to time, nullify these capabilities of one side or the other. And it is when the enemy has it and we may not have it that it's time to worry. Our whole case rests upon the proposition that an East-West stand-off requires two things: possession by both sides of nuclear weapons and the means of delivering them in number to their targets, *and*, uncertainty on both sides as to which side has the edge at any particular moment. Together, these make for the "balance of terror" on which, according to Professor Schuman, "peace depends."

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We have frequently emphasized our belief that the Soviet attack from which the United States has most to fear is the non-military one. But we have not taken that to mean that other forms of Communist penetration (by economic deals or subversion) are entirely without relation to Soviet military capabilities—or to our own. It is not enough for us to say that there must be a fuller recognition of the economic and psychological aspects of the Russian challenge. For unless the non-Communist world maintains its ability and will to resist (and thus to deter) any threat by the USSR (such as the recent one delivered to Western Europe by Bulganin at the time of the Suez crisis), the world is left wide open to Soviet intimidation.

To repeat, by "positions of strength," we do not mean necessarily "superior" strength. We mean bargaining strength; not being at the mercy of your opponent. This condition of strength, as applied to the immediate situation in NATO, would enable Western Europe to know that the *Russians* know they could not without terrible hazard press their claims too far. Western Europe, in other words, must not once more be in the position it was at Munich, when it was confronted with and forced to capitulate to an ultimatum of a vastly more confident power.

When Professor Schuman asserts that "all 'defense' is obsolete," we can't grasp his meaning, unless it be the self-evident truth that no security is absolute. And as for his statement that "all military problems are now insoluble," what concrete conclusions can be deduced from that? Does he mean that we cannot solve the problem of how to produce a missile which goes as far and as near to its target as the Soviet ICBM? Does he mean that the government of Indonesia cannot solve the problem of how to put down an armed insurrection that might arise tomorrow? Does he mean that the logic of the

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nuclear age is the unilateral dismantling of our entire American defense establishment? And if not the entire, then how much? What are his guide-lines for military policy? Is "more defense" never right, and "less defense" always or usually right—regardless of what the Soviets are doing and may do next week?

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The explanation for these differences in opinion, or emphasis, perhaps turns upon one's premise about Soviet intentions. Professor Schuman appears willing to stake a great deal on his premise that: "At no time have Muscovite policy-makers contemplated any such insane course [an attack on the West], nor are they doing so now." We share Mr. Schuman's hope, but dare not assume its truth. He seems to us to have been closer to the truth as to what motivates Soviet policy-makers when he wrote in this magazine on November 29, 1939, that,

> What [the Kremlin's] leaders do in the arena of power politics is determined by their estimates of the factors which circumscribe their freedom of action and delimit their alternatives.

Western, which is to say largely American, military power has surely been a major factor in recent years in delimiting Soviet alternatives. That is at least one explanation of the failure of the Russian blockade of Berlin.

(It is worth noting in passing that the military historian, Walter Millis, takes a somewhat similar view of Soviet intentions (at least toward the US!) when he writes in a recent article in the *Nation* that

> It is impossible that the men in the Kremlin should be single-mindedly dedicated to the destruction of the United States, if only because, like other politicians and statesmen, especially those exercising vast powers, they are swayed by varying motives, are victims of many pressures and must be inherently opportunists.

What, we ask ourselves, is incompatible between behaving as an "opportunist" and grabbing what you think you can get away with? How, moreover, can we base our military policy on an assumption of relative reasonableness in the Kremlin in light not only of incendiary Communist propaganda, but of deeds in Finland, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Korea and Hungary? Mr. Millis, incidentally, ends by destroying his own case when he remarks that "If the Russians appear to mount a war upon us we must, obviously, take whatever reasonable precautions we can in our defense." Reasonable precautions are precisely what we favor, if the USSR is to be deprived of the *capacity* to impose its will on others without serious jeopardy to itself.)

Since we know that while nuclear and missile-equipped forces exist, the world lives from hour to hour in fearful knowledge of its peril, it is only natural that many persons should leap at the idea that there MUST be A solution to the conflicts between Communist and non-Communist nations. But to wish is not to have. A crucial conflict not only of national interests but of attitudes toward the individual and society is at the root of this thing we call the Cold War. These antagonisms are real: they can be softened; they may some day disappear as Soviet society changes; they can, we trust, be kept from breaking out into little hot wars; and they must be kept from erupting into a global, nuclear war that would be the end of us all. But they are there!

It is a *New Republic* fallacy, Professor Schuman argues, to think that Moscow has been deterred from taking over Europe and conquering the world *only* by America's great military might. It is a fallacy, all right. But not *The New Republic*'s, for we have never made that claim and don't believe it. But it is worth pondering the fact that Europe has not been overrun by Soviet troops during the past 10 years, and that during the period the US *did* have the means of punishing severely any would-be aggressor. It is conceivable that there might be some relationship between these two facts. And it seems to us reasonable to infer that had there been no effective military defense in Western Europe, the danger of Soviet aggression would have been greater; and we speak here of both direct military danger and the danger of internal subversion.

The "third error" Professor Schuman attributes to *The New Republic* is the most far-fetched: he says that we have wished to compel Marxland "by sheer strength to capitulate in unconditional surrender to Western demands." We have, on the contrary, frequently criticized US "demands" which seemed to us unreasonable and advanced only for propaganda purposes; we have urged, with very little effect, that Washington explore the possibility of a withdrawal of Russian and American forces from the center of Europe; we still anticipate that such a disengagement will come about, for the reason that both sides are becoming increasingly fearful of their constant confrontation along the frontiers of Europe. We want, in brief, a ceaseless diplomatic probing for possible ways of reducing tensions at particular points.

But, we also suggest that division, resentment, and military weakness among the Western powers do not contribute to the cause of fruitful negotiation with the USSR on this question, or any other question.

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Professor Schuman has helped stoke up the discussion, and that is a service. But we must finally say that we have searched our pages unsuccessfully for some evidence in support of his statement that this journal expects "Communist acquiescence in the reunification of a rearmed Germany allied with the West against the East", or the "permanent exclusion of Russia from all voice in Mideast affairs, and the mysterious, albeit felicitous, disappearance of Communist China." If Professor Schuman thinks he has read all these things in *The New Republic*, all of us ought to get out of the word business and take up communicating by smoke signals.

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Greater than the Conquest of Space

THE CENTRAL problem of our time—as I view it—is how to employ human intelligence for the salvation of mankind.

It is a problem we have put upon ourselves.

For we have defiled our intellect by the creation of such scientific instruments of destruction that we are now in desperate danger of destroying ourselves.

Our plight is critical and with each effort we have made to relieve it by further scientific advance, we have succeeded only in aggravating our peril.

As a result, we are now speeding inexorably toward a day when even the ingenuity of our scientists may be unable to save us from the consequences of a single rash act or a lone reckless hand upon the switch of an uninterceptable missile.

For 12 years now we've sought to stave off this ultimate threat of disaster by devising arms which would be both ultimate and disastrous. This irony can probably be compounded a few more years, or perhaps even a few decades. Missiles will bring anti-missiles, and anti-missiles will bring anti-anti-missiles. But inevitably, this whole electronics house of cards will reach a point where it can be constructed no higher.

At that point we shall have come to the peak of this whole incredible dilemma into which the world is shoving itself. And when that time comes there will be little we can do other than to settle down uneasily, smother our fears, and attempt to live in a thickening shadow of death.

Should this situation come to pass, we would have but one single and thin thread to cling to. We call it rationale or reason. We reason that no government, no single group of men—indeed, not even one willful individual—would be so foolhardy, so reckless, as to precipitate a war which would most surely end in mutual destruction.

This reasoning may have the benefit of logic. But even logic sometimes goes awry. How can we assume that reason will prevail in a crisis when there is ordinarily so little reason among men? To those who would take comfort in the likelihood of an atomic peace to be secured solely by rationale and reason, I would recall the lapse of reason in a bunker under the Reich Chancellery in Berlin. It failed before, it can fail again.

Have we already gone too far in this search for peace through the accumulation of peril? Is there any way to halt this trend—or must we push on with new devices until we inevitably come to judgment before the atom? I believe there is a way out. And I believe it because I have acquired in my lifetime a decent respect for human intelligence.

It may be that the problems of accommodation in a world split by rival ideologies are more difficult than those with which we have struggled in the construction of ballistic missiles. But I believe, too, that if we apply to these human problems, the energy, creativity, and the perseverance we have devoted to science, even problems of accommodation will yield to reason. Admittedly, the problem of peaceful accommodation in the world is infinitely more difficult than the conquest of space, infinitely more complex than a trip to the moon. But if we will only come to the realization that it must be worked out—whatever it may mean even to such sacred traditions as absolute national sovereignty—I believe that we can somehow, somewhere, and perhaps through some as yet undiscovered world thinker and leader find a workable solution.

I confess that this is as much an article of faith as it is an expression of reason. But this, my friends, is what we need, faith in our ability to do what must be done. Without that faith we shall never get started. And until we get started, we shall never know what can be done.

If I am sometimes discouraged, it is not by the magnitude of the problem, but by our colossal indifference to it.

I am unable to understand why—if we are willing to trust in reason as a restraint on the use of a ready-made ready-to-fire bomb—we do not make greater, more diligent and more imaginative use of reason and human intelligence in seeking an accord and compromise which will make it possible for mankind to control the atom and banish it as an instrument of war.

This is the real and—indeed—the most strenuous challenge to man's intellect today. By comparison with it, the conquest of space is of small significance. For until we learn how to live together, until we rid ourselves of the strife that mocks our pretensions of civilization, our adventures in science—instead of producing human progress—will continue to crowd it with greater peril. We can compete with a Sputnik and probably create bigger and better Sputniks of our own. But what are we doing to prevent the Sputnik from evolving into just one more weapons system? And when are we going to muster an intelligence equal to that applied against the Sputnik and dedicate it to the preservation of this Satellite on which we live?

How long—I would ask you—can we put off salvation? When does humanity run out?

We can't sit about waiting for some felicitous accident of history that may somehow make the world all right. Time is running against us, and it is running against us with the speed of a Sputnik. If we're going to save ourselves from the instruments of our own intellect, we had better soon get ourselves under control and begin making the world safe for living.

OMAR N. BRADLEY

[*from General Bradley's address last month in Washington, D. C., to the St. Alban's Convocation.*]

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What Johnny Needs to Know

After-thoughts on Undergraduate Unpreparedness

by LEWIS SAWIN and ARTHUR NORMAN

OUR EARLIER REPORT on "What Johnny Don't Know" (*NR*, August 12) suggested that not all college freshmen are as well informed as some English teachers might like. We gave some amusing examples of undergraduate ignorance, and we let the evidence speak for itself. But what can be said beyond this? Is it possible to suggest who or what is to blame for the kind of intellectual unpreparedness which we described and to which a great many college teachers can testify?

A course in freshman composition usually employs a book of essays which in various ways refer to current or past history, and allude to persons and events in the world of today or yesterday. The text might include essays on George Lyman Kittredge, electric eels, and the need for opposition in a democracy; articles by Al Capp on comics or by Mencken on euphemisms in American English. But to most of the students we taught at Louisiana State University, these matters were so much spinach; they seemed unable to understand or to find any interest in the materials offered. And this was not, so far as we could determine, because of the materials themselves or from any extraordinary stupidity in the students, but from a lack of academic preparation for college which resulted in a lack of awareness. For illustrative purposes only, let us quote from one of the papers written in a first-semester course in college English:

> It saturday morning and everyone laying in bead sound asleep. Than all of a sudden I hear a noise in the back room It my aunt. She just remembered that her relation from texas are do in this saturday morning. She hurderly goes around wakeing everybody up. So that she can have her house in tip top shape. It a mad rush everybody runing back and forth getting thing in there proper place. They running into one another knocking thing down. Then all of a sudden one of her dauhter take a fly into the air. One of the rugs she was walking on came from under her feet. She knock her head aganist the wall. And she was out for a second. As thing began to take there ploper place and the rooms look ordely there was a knock on the front door. As she gou to open it, it was the paper boy for he weckly play. As she receive the paper from him she noticed at the top left had corner is the date. It was saturday the forteenth, and she just remember that her relation wasen't do in until saturday the twenty-first.

It was compositions such as this which startled us sufficiently so that we determined to obtain more reliable evidence of undergraduate capabilities at LSU. We set up a test that would tell us more about our students' acquaintance with the world around them by having them identify names such as those which might be mentioned in any freshman reader. In scoring the test papers, we graded generously, demanding little more than the activity for which each personality was chiefly famous. But there soon arose the difficulty of classifying certain answers as either Right or Wrong. For example, if a student identified Adlai Stevenson as a "nominee for Pres. in 1951 defeated by Eisenhower—Sec. of State," we accepted this as Right. But if Stevenson were called the "Former Republican canitate for President"; or identified as someone who "ran against Mr. Truman in the past years for president of the U.S."; or listed as "republican presidential candacy"—these answers we scored Limbo. Certainly they are not Right, but on the other hand they are not quite so Wrong as the responses identifying Stevenson as a US Congressman, or one of "todays labor leaders," or Secretary of "Something."

As we reported in the first *NR* article on "What Johnny Don't Know," only four names out of 20 (Stevenson, Dillinger, Townsend and Marx) were known to half or more of the 359 students we tested. Nine of the 20 personalities were correctly identified by a limited 2-22 percent of the students. Furthermore, 121 students—almost a third of the group—could recognize no more than four names. The average collegian managed to get 6.7 names Right. Bare statistics, however, are inadequate as description; they do not portray the student who could identify Norman Thomas as a "news commentator"; call Warren G. Harding a "News commtator. (Ex President of U.S.)."; or label Karl Marx "an arthur" and Oliver Cromwell a "wrighter."

It might be argued that our test merely indicates a

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lamentable condition happily restricted to the South. We do not agree, and our impressions are supported by the findings of a New England high school which administered the same test this autumn to 103 seniors. Adlai Stevenson, one year after his second attempt at the presidency, was known to 77 students. Only four of the personalities were identified by half or more of the seniors (Stevenson, 75 percent; Wilson and Harding, 66 percent; Frost, 51 percent). As with the college group, Norman Thomas was the lowest scorer (0 percent), while 10 others (Picasso, Henry Wallace, de Gaulle, Verdi, Cromwell, Richard Wagner, Mrs. Simpson, Tolstoi, Marx and Franco) were known by 1-10 percent of the seniors.

What is wrong, and can it be remedied?

Undoubtedly the situation is influenced by a host of factors; insufficient financial support for overcrowded and understaffed schools; mistaken theories as to what should be taught; poor preparation of teachers by the colleges, among other things. But is not the American attitude toward learning—with its orientation to the immediate, the practical, and the profitable—largely responsible for our trouble? This attitude is encouraged by a popular educational philosophy which, in gearing itself to the least able students, tends to stress method while mocking content; it sets social dancing and other "life-adjustment" courses on the same level as academic studies.

We are not concerned at the moment with nobility of intention; we wish merely to point out that it is as unjust for the schools to ignore the able students as it is democratic of them to care for the less than able. Weakening or minimizing content (reflected in teacher training, which makes the study of educational techniques as, or more, important than the sound knowledge of a teaching specialty) often produces students who acquire only stereotypes (George Washington: nice; George III: bad), but little knowledge or understanding. And, in struggling to make content glamorous by relating it to the problems of everyday life, the schools unknowingly invite an anti-intellectualism that cannot tolerate the theoretical or the abstract except as they can be justified in terms of evident usefulness. By neglecting the subjects which only the school is in a position to teach well in favor of extra-academic material which could be got at home and church, the schools become over-priced nurseries where Johnny can, if co-operative, gain semi-literacy while being kept off the streets.

We applaud the idea of educating every student to the extent of his ability to learn, but this is precisely what is *not* being done. We believe that while studies should be made as attractive as possible, no amount of embellishment can disguise the fact that learning, for most of us, demands effort and—rather often—hard work. Finally, we think that if we are to have scientists capable of doing pure research, we must cultivate intellectual curiosity for the virtue that it is, an attribute of our humanity more or less unconnected with the dollar sign. More specifically, it seems to us that:

First, the colleges and universities of the nation must protect themselves by setting high entrance standards. Candidates for a college—state or private—should be examined extensively on their ability to read, write and do arithmetic; a high-school diploma is no longer a guarantee of such ability. Those who cannot make a good showing on the examination should be invited to return to their high schools for further study. Those who do exceptionally well, on the other hand, should be given college credit and permitted to enroll in advanced courses. It is not easy to justify the presence in college of students as unlettered as the one we have quoted. Why should a university keep a student who writes: "He is now admitted to the Holy Communion, the symbolical eating and drinking of the body and blood of Jeasus Christ."

The barrier here is that a great many state-supported colleges do not have the power to choose their students; they are obliged by their legislatures to accept any and all, the able along with the disabled. Unless the colleges can reject the unprepared sent them by the secondary school as unfit, there is little hope for "higher" education.

Second, college standards must be raised to match the stiffer entrance requirements, and colleges must cease teaching at the high-school level. A college cannot in four years cover the ground which the public school has neglected during the previous twelve. Similarly, a student who has never had to study or one who has not yet learned to read and write cannot, by entering college, become a scholar in the time allowed for college work.

Third, the colleges should demand that all their students—engineers, Latin majors, musicians and farmers—acquire a familiarity with history, government, languages, literature, music and the fine arts, mathematics, and the natural, political and social sciences. In our Sputnik-given awareness that we must produce scientists who equal and outstrip Russia's, the importance of liberal education may be overlooked. But almost as dangerous as not having enough scientists is the training of men who are ignorant of their civilization's culture and aims.

IT SHOULD not particularly matter how the student acquires his liberal training—from reading, from high school, or from formal study in college—but a general examination some time during Johnny's college career should certify that the knowledge is there.

It should be obvious that these suggestions are not meant to restrict college to a tiny intellectual elite, but to insure that those who want a college education are ready to receive it. We are aware, moreover, that even if these recommendations were adopted at once, only a part of the trouble would have been eliminated. For if most of our students are as unprepared for college as our tests suggested, how well prepared for citizenship are the thousands who go no further than high school?

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Maenads, Junkies and Others

by Robert Graves

WHOEVER needs a simple, readable book about the effects on the human mind of barbiturates, opiates, hashish, marijuana, tea, cocaine, mescalin, kava-kava, rauwolfia, tobacco, Miltown, hard liquor, Frenquel, yaté, coffee and the rest, will find the very thing here, and welcome! Dr. Robert deRopp writes a bright piece around each of these drugs in turn, while giving us to understand that none of them necessarily has the same effect on every taker, or even on any particular taker from one week to the next, and that this unaccountability is too complicated a chemical problem to attack just at present. Meanwhile, we gather, each man must discover for himself what bottle to take down from the shelf, and when, and how much he should pour from it if he is to make this vale of tears a little more bearable.

Drugs and the Mind, by Robert S. deRopp, with a foreword by Dr. Nathan S. Kline (St. Martin's; $4.50).

Drugs and the Mind contains few source-references, perhaps because readers are expected to be impressed by the long bibliography at the close and presume that they are not being misinformed. But the trouble is that useful popularly written books on scientific or historical subjects can as a rule be trusted as one trusts, for instance, *Time* magazine. Whenever a reader has any specialized knowledge of a particular topic, he seems fated always to find minor errors of fact where it occurs.

Being neither a surgeon nor a pathologist, I am prepared, in principle, to believe Dr. deRopp's chapter about the mechanics of the brain, and how it responds to different electric and chemical provocations. All this being Greek to me (as they say), I gape at the pages in ignorant awe. But when in an attempt to cover the whole field of drug-taking, he discusses the Goddess Ceres, the mediaeval witches, the Maenads, and the mushroom-eating *curanderos* of Mexico, also the junkies and pot-heads of Harlem, most of whom happen to be characters on which I am quizzable, the doubt arises in my mind: "Is his appendix headed *Structural Formulae of Chemopsychiatric Drugs* perhaps equally unreliable?"

The Goddess Ceres first:

> . . . Opium was widely used in the ancient world. The poppy played its part in the mysteries of Ceres. who drank of its milk to gain "oblivion from grief." Among both Greeks and Romans it was universally employed. . . . We can safely assume that opium addiction was a very common phenomenon in those days. . . . The nodding heads of the flower symbolyze Morpheus, heavy-eyed god of dreams.

I presume that, since the Goddess' Latin name "Ceres" is used, rather than her Greek name "Demeter," Dr. deRopp here refers to the *locus classicus* in Ovid's *Fasti*. Yet if we are to accept Ovid's account, Ceres on visiting Eleusis to enquire for her lost daughter, did not drink poppy milk to forget her grief; she just thoughtlessly broke her self-imposed fast by eating poppy seeds, an ancient Mediterranean food often classed with sesame and still very popular—bakers sprinkle it on breakfast rolls. Poppy seeds contain no opiate, and the poppies carried by statues of Demeter-Ceres in association with corn-stalks were included for food value, not as dope.

Next, the mediaeval witches and their use of belladonna:

> . . . Anyone familiar with the action of belladonna, henbane, thorn apple and similar members of the Solanaceae can have no doubt that the witches' brew of which these unfortunates partook contained these drugs and that the salve with which they anointed their bodies was composed of crushed belladonna leaves.

"No one can doubt . . . !" For a complete clinical picture Dr. deRopp should have consulted Margaret Murray's *Witchcraft in Western Europe*, where the recipes for three flying-ointments are plainly given. (Mr. Trevor Furze has since supplied me with two more.) In these ointments the operative agents—(as distinguished from soot, the fat of murdered infants, poplar leaves, bats' blood, juice of the wild iris, and the like—are not only belladonna, but the highly toxic hemlock, cowbane, and aconite, with smallage to keep off flying-cramp. Aconite and hemlock were used to numb the extremities, so that when a witch straddled a broomstick at night, her feet seemed to be free of the ground. The combined effect of these drugs, when mixed with grease and applied externally, would make a valuable pharmacological study.

Then the Maenads:

> . . . Thus at the Bacchanalia, when the wild-eyed Bacchantes with their flowing locks flung themselves naked into the arms of eager men, one can be reasonably certain that the wine which produced such sexual frenzy was not a plain fermented grape juice. Intoxication of this kind was almost certainly a result of doctoring the wine with leaves or berries of belladonna or henbane . . .

"Reasonably certain!" The outstanding symptom of Maenad delirium was not sexual abandon—for which wine would account well enough—but an extraordinary muscular strength, such as neither belladonna nor wine produces. The Maenads, it is said, were capable of dismembering animals and human beings with their bare hands. The combined evidence of three Greek works of art, and one Etruscan, suggests that the toxic agent supplementing the Dionysian use of wine was hallucinatory mushroom: probably *amanita muscaria*, and a not yet identified *panaeolus*.

THEN the *curanderos*. When quoting the eminent Harvard ethno-botanist, Dr. R. E. Schultes, on the subject of the hallucinatory mushroom used in the Mexican cult, Dr. deRopp is a little behindhand with his information. The specimens brought back by the Schultes expedition, it is now known, were examples of *panaeolus campanulatus var. sphinctrinus (FR.) Bresadola*, a mushroom which has no hallucinatory effect at all, but which a *curandero* seems to

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have palmed off on Dr. Schultes in the hope of guarding his religious secret. Dr. deRopp also writes that the use of hallucinatory mushrooms prematurely ages *curanderos*. This is far from a scientific statement; since the existence of the mushroom cult has only just been discovered, how could anyone tell to what degree any particular *curandero* had aged since deRopp started his work?

THEN the junkies and the pot-heads; also the juice-heads and coketts. I find two statements about junkies on the same page of this book. The first is:

> In the States, the addict pays an estimated $400,000,000 per year for contraband heroin.

The second is:

> According to the Director of the Addiction Research Center at Lexington, Kentucky, the present number of addicts in the USA is something in the order of 60,000. These addicts are concentrated in the slum areas of a few large cities.

Though never strong at mathematics, I reckon that the outlay per addict works out at $6,666.66 a year which, allowing an average expenditure on other comforts, such as clothing, food, rent, etc., of (let us say) a modest $1,333.33, gives the addict an annual income, unusually high for a slum dweller, of $8,000. Most likely, then, "addict" has been used in two senses here. At the Lexington Center it would mean a junky who aims at two shots of salt a day. If I may write plain American for once (without rousing the suspicions of the Federal Narcotics Board) salt has been stable in price for some time at three bucks a shot —Dr. deRopp prefers the out-of-date "pusher" for "connection"—because if the wholesalers have to raise their prices, the connection simply cuts the salt with common table salt, and charges the same three dollars to avoid awkward arguments. So the real junky, or mainliner, aims to make seven times six dollars a week—$2,184 a year, which is a long way short of that $6,666.66.

Then the pot-heads, or marijuana smokers: so called because the hemp plant, the female flower of which makes marijuana, used to be grown in flower pots by the Harlem folk until the police got busy. Dr. deRopp is not too sound on this subject either. He reports that pot-heads ritually wet their cigarette papers. That was, as a matter of fact, a practice which sprang up around 1939 (when I first visited America) because *Zig-Zag*, a French cigarette paper used for rolling pot, happened to be very fast-burning; but it ceased, among Harlem Negroes at least, when the War cut off French imports, and is now long out of date.

He also refers to the dens where marijuana is smoked as "tea-pads," which is like referring to an English pub, or public-house, as a "public ale-house." They are simply "pads."

Nor does his statement that marijuana is always a milder smoke than hashish bear close investigation. A reefer of expensive "Chicago green"—which, by the way, is grown in New Jersey, not the Middle West—will provide more extravagant hallucinations than most hashish, though hallucination is not the function of ordinary pot. And I miss any reference in this book to the use of dark glasses in disguising the dilation of a pot-head's pupils; when the police got wise to that, the practice was given up, but is now revived occasionally in the third degree of deception.

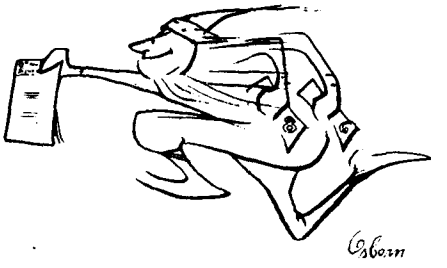
DR. DEROPP suggests that illusions of insects crawling over the body are an early symptom of cocaine poisoning; but that comes pretty late in the habit—the cockett, like the junky, begins with a gentle itching. His passage about cocaine seems to me a trifle sparse; it should have been emphasized there that cocaine is sniffed, not injected, and that only amateurs use the back of the hand. Inveterate cocketts sprinkle their coke on a mirror and sniff it up a rolled twenty-dollar bill: which is made of such excellent paper that not a grain of the costly powder gets absorbed.

I find some sympathy with Dr. deRopp's argument (based on a report from the New York Academy of Medicine, which Mayor LaGuardia called for and published in 1944), that a pot-head may be less of a danger to his community than a juice-head. Marijuana is not habit-forming, does not foster sexuality or encourage crimes of violence, and causes the smoker no noticeable physical harm. The same certainly cannot be said of hard liquor; and the pot-head feels little urge to overdose himself once he is high. But since strong drink, despite the exhortations of the Hebrew prophets, plays a part in traditional Jewish and Christian rituals, it enjoys the protection of the Law. It would be wrong, however, to regard pot as a happy alternative to juice; Negro pot-heads are apt to "speed-up" by drinking about a pint of gin apiece at these sessions.

ALCOHOLISM is, after all, only one of numerous symptoms that reveal weakness of character in the face of stress. Ordinary well-balanced citizens drink because they enjoy the taste of good liquor and find that it helps them to digest their meals; not because they want to escape from a boring or unhappy situation by getting high. The same with tobacco. King James I of England once wrote a book against the use of "the noxious herb nicotina," entitled: *Tobacco Battered, Their Pipes Shattered, By a Volley of Round Shot, Thundered from Mount Helicot.* More recently, someone wrote a best-seller against cigarettes, called: *The Little White Tubes of Death.* It is true that chain-smoking increases nervous strain and favors ulcers and lung-cancer, but ordinary well-balanced citizens smoke, after a meal or as a relaxation between bouts of work, because they enjoy the sensation; and suffer no harm.

That ordinary well-balanced citizens are growing fewer every year is just too bad. And that around 600 million gallons of spirits are produced every year in the States (apart from heavy imports of Scotch whiskey, French brandy, and so forth), also 6 billion cans of beer, some 90 million barrels of beer, 140 million gallons of wine, 400 billion cigarettes and 60 billion tranquilizers, merely proves that the American way of life plays the devil with peoples' nerves.

Among the backward Majorcan villagers, my neighbors, crime is non-



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existent, drunkenness regarded as a disgrace, and tobacco-consumption very low. We have no paupers, though the average family budget, and the lack of modern plumbing, shock American visitors. Usually, however, they find the village tempo disastrously slow, and bustle off to certain rapidly expanding tourist centers of the island, where they can revel cheaply in all the delightful drugs that make old folk mellow and young folk gay—TV alone excepted. I read these reactions to our village life as a sign that the clock can not easily be put back in the States. It has been suggested, of course, that American scientists must soon somehow produce a new elixir, foreshadowed by Mr. Aldous Huxley, which embraces every solid virtue of the old drugs now on sale, but none of their vices; and that the Federal Government, after securing the co-operation of all the States and Churches, must issue this harmless and exciting product free to every applicant whatsoever, regardless of race, creed or color. I can only hope that, as a result, I will never be deprived of my glass of red wine at midday, or my Canary Island cigar after supper, to both of which I am hopelessly addicted.

Upton Sinclair's Lady

by Bruce Bliven

THE WORLD of Upton Sinclair's youth —a world of gentle, Utopian socialism—now seems as dead as the carrier pigeon. His wife's youthful world has perhaps shown more survival value, though it too is passing. She was brought up as the daughter of a prosperous, conservative and aristocratic family in the Deep South, in a house full of Negro servants, gallant young suitors, and the still rather rigid etiquette of postbellum days.

Southern Belle, by Mary Craig Sinclair (Crown; $5).

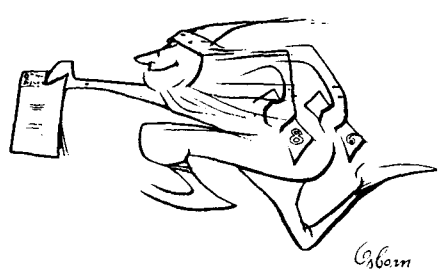
These two worlds, so far apart, obviously created an ambivalence in Mary Craig Sinclair that she never quite succeeded in mastering. Although she has been for more than forty years a devoted wife to the untiring crusader and prolific author, it seems clear that she never got entirely accustomed to his utter indifference to what he wore or ate, or to the small niceties of deportment that loom so large on a Mississippi cotton plantation. She never got accustomed, either, to almost lifelong poverty, brought about partly by Upton's ineradicable habit of spending whatever he earned (sometimes large sums) for the good of the cause. She came to agree with nearly all his ideas, but she was unable to conquer a strain of common-sense that made her quail quietly each time Upton sallied forth to get himself arrested and abused by the police in some hopeless enterprise.

The Sinclairs, now elderly (he is 79), may feel somewhat frustrated about the major crusades to which they have devoted their lives. Evolutionary Socialism has come to power in Great Britain only to be rejected by a majority of the voters after a few years. The early hopes for Soviet Russia soon faded as that country turned toward (or remained in the grip of) despotic totalitarianism. The cause of world peace, to which the Sinclairs gave so many weary days, is also at low ebb as Russia and America seem to be sweeping headlong toward armed conflict. On the other hand, the New Deal, while it was miles away from being Socialism as its enemies charged, did bring about some degree of security for the aged, the infirm and the poor, for which the author and his wife had been crusading for decades.

On a much smaller scale, some of Upton's hopeless causes sometimes turned out to be not so hopeless, after all. When he picketed the office of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. after the infamous Ludlow massacre, the author seemed utterly quixotic; and so he did many years later when inviting arrest at Los Angeles Harbor, where constitutional guarantees of free speech were being violated by the police to help break a waterfront strike. Yet soon after Upton protested the situation in Colorado, John D. Jr. agreed to the unionization of the miners; and the abuse he got from Los Angeles officials was followed by the dismissal of the chief of police and a vast improvement in the whole situation.

The Sinclairs have had a busy life—so busy that in her book of 400 pages there is only room for passing reference to some of its landmarks: *The Jungle*, which shook the nation, not because the meat-packers were exploiting their workers but because it suggested that the food they sold was sometimes contaminated; *The Brass Check*, the first full-scale criticism of American newspapers, which infuriated the publishers even as they took quiet steps to remedy some of the evils Sinclair revealed; his historic campaign as Democratic candidate for Governor of California in which he was defeated partly by the use of sound motion pictures that were made of movie extras dressed as tramps and photographed in railroad yards, gleefully proclaiming that they were bums coming to share the largesse when Sinclair was elected; the family adherence to fasting, vegetarianism, mental telepathy and other minority views; and the long series of *Lanny Budd* novels that give a remarkable, informal history of nearly everything in the twentieth century. Some of his 70-odd books (most of which have been published in a dozen countries around the world) she hardly has room to mention.

READERS over 50 will get a nostalgic pleasure from these pages, with their parade of half-forgotten figures of literature, the arts and political and social reform. Readers of any age will find it a lively portrait of an innocent time when many people felt that while man's institutions are bad, man himself is good, and that if you could only succeed in explaining things properly to him, the millenium would begin.



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An Anatomy of Club Life

by Geoffrey Wagner

ST. JAMES' STREET has long awaited a satirist from its ranks, and here he is—the "stuck-up puppy!" What the old duffers so beautifully flushed for us in this charming tale of internal politicking in a London club may think of its revelations will doubtless be drowned in "another glass of luncheon port," "The *Times* newspaper," and the somnolent thudding of distant snooker balls.

No matter. Within a slight compass of character and event, Colonel Graham has created a remarkably convincing portrait gallery, and a study of manners that is both genuinely comic and yet oddly touching.

For in these aging, often impoverished old dinosaurs hopelessly outdated by the Welfare State he has unearthed a kind of clown in reverse. His punctilious, upright old clubmen who pay enormous attention to the niceties of their lives, especially to that tell-tale English symbol, the walking-shoe, are really pathetic buffoons—from the member who pauses at the head of the steps fondly imagining the envious eyes of the street-crowd upon him (and who then importantly asks the head-porter for letters which he has actually written to himself in disguished handwriting) down to the bed-sitting-room bachelors who leave their slot-machine gas-fires to toast threadbare seats, squire-like, at the club's roaring grates, while afar can be heard "the sad, sad sound of unhappy old men eating." There are also those, like Arthur Maltravers, who ape these apes, consciously mimicking clubmen "with the conscientiousness of an artist."

The Club, by Andrew Graham (Reynal; $3.50).

What makes Colonel Graham's satire so disarmingly agreeable, and so far from barrenly witty, is the unusual affection shown for its objects. These characters are no mere postulates, as they might easily have been. The author clearly expects human beings of all ranks—and there are some excellent chapters spent belowstairs with the staff—to be human and he is gently disappointed in them when they are not, for the period is the "post-war" with its "un-English" pettinesses of conduct in connection with food shortages and the like. The secretary of the club, who endures a lot from certain old grumpies, when finally called a "stuck-up puppy" by the unattractive and disobliging "scrub-peer" Blowbury, is merely inclined to laugh, and pass on.

An assurance, then, a *gravitas* pervades these enlightened pages of "cozy" English humor—cultivated, open, liberal. There is certainly nothing vulgar about certainty here. Nor about tea-time either:

> How much those unfortunates miss who were not born English, who either do not observe the rites at half-past four or five, or, worse still, indulge in heresies with little muslin bags, or strainers wedged with wire into the spout.

Ah me! I had almost forgotten that "breasty-lidded muffin-dish," as I had in fact the art of civilized discourse at its literary best.

THEATRE

Look Back in Amazement

THE SUCCESS—first in London, now in New York—of John Osborne's *Look Back In Anger* is a phenomenon which deserves more extended analysis than it has been getting.

Look Back In Anger is about a bright young man from the working class named Jimmy Porter. As a beneficiary of the welfare state, Jimmy received his education at a provincial university. Thereafter he tried his hand variously at journalism, at advertising, at selling vacuum cleaners. At the age of twenty-five, he is now the proprietor of a sweet stall in which he was installed by the mother of his closest friend, another young working-class intellectual named Hugh Tanner. At some point along the way, he has met Alison Redfern, a pretty upper-middle-class girl. She is attracted by his fierceness; he by the howl of outrage that went up from her family when she showed interest in him. They marry, breaking Jimmy's friendship with Hugh Tanner. As the play opens, they have been married for four years. By now, Jimmy has acquired a new male pal, Cliff Lewis. The Porter marriage has degenerated into cold war, with Cliff serving somewhat despairingly as a stabilizing force between Jimmy and Alison.

Look Back in Anger, by John Osborne (Barrymore Theatre).

The first act catches the three on a dreary Midland Sunday afternoon, Jimmy and Cliff deep in the Sunday papers, Alison at the ironing board. Bored and restless, Jimmy fills the empty stretches of the day with aimless, compulsive abuse of Alison for her obnoxious social origins. In the second act Alison produces Helena, an upper-middle-class girl friend; is told with contempt by Jimmy that his highest hope is "to stand up in your tears, and splash about in them, and sing. I want to be there when you grovel"; and returns to her family to have a baby. The third act opens with the same tableau as the first, Sunday papers and all, only with Helena at the ironing board instead of Alison. It ends with the return of Alison, haggard and broken from the loss of her baby, and her grovelling capitulation to Jimmy.

To get the idea, it is only necessary to see the first act, which is written with considerable vividness and passion. Mr. Osborne, alas, uses up all his ideas and themes in that act: thereafter he has nothing to offer in dramatic invention or character development—nothing except more of the same, until the hysteria, self-pity and sadism of Jimmy Porter become boring in the extreme. Or, at least, boring to this observer; one is compelled to admit that audiences, both in London and in New York, sit hypnotized by the spectacle of Jimmy Porter. Jimmy's anger obviously strikes an exposed nerve. And this leads to the mystery of the play: Why is Jimmy Porter angry?

The usual answer is that Jimmy Porter

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is angry because he is a man of talent denied by his society of a decent job to do or even a decent cause to believe in. As T. C. Worsley put it in the *New Statesman and Nation*, "Jimmy Porter, the protagonist, is a brilliant young intellectual adrift." The welfare state first educated him and then betrayed him by failing to provide him the opportunities to which his genius entitles him. It offers him not a reason to live nor even a reason to die. "There aren't any good, brave causes left," Jimmy cries. "If the big bang does come, and we all get killed off, it won't be in aid of the old-fashioned grand design. . . . [It will be] about as pointless and inglorious as stepping in front of a bus." So, condemned to keeping a sweet-shop, he naturally and rather heroically rails against the mediocrity of the age and against the unfairness of the class system, both conveniently embodied for him in the person of his wife.

THERE are several troubles with this explanation. For one thing, Jimmy is obviously not a brilliant young intellectual. He is an egomaniac bore, lazy and self-pitying, with a certain gift of gab—the familiar type of demi-intellectual, who, instead of doing something, spends his time and energy bewailing the unjust world which prevents him from doing things. It is no surprise that he failed in journalism or even in selling vacuum cleaners (though one wonders a little why he did not succed in advertising). Rather than being the victim of an inflexible class structure, he is living in an England where the opportunity to rise from the working class has never been so great.

Moreover, British society has never been more eager to take up the Jimmy Porters (as the success of the play shows). Social injustice is his rationalization; it is not the real source of his anger. I believe that one must therefore dismiss the sociological explanation. This brings us to a psychological explanation developed by Mr. Geoffrey Gorer, and, I think, a little closer to the mark. According to Mr. Gorer, Jimmy is angry because of hypergamy, a term used by anthropologists to designate the phenomenon of marrying into a superior caste. Overeducated by the welfare state, the Jimmy Porters are split personalities: during their childhood, when the main lines of their character were formed, they grow up in working-class families; during their adolescence and youth, they superimpose upper class interests, values and accents on their working-class basis. They inevitably seek their wives in the upper classes, but their childhood expectations doom them to frustration in marriage. "The upper middle-classes and the working-classes have very different models of ideal masculine and feminine, husbandly and wifely behavior, and each is seen as destructive to integrity and self-respect by the member of the other sex and class." Thus Jimmy thinks he is being "destroyed" by Alison, or would be "destroyed" by her if he didn't go back to his working-class environment or reduce both of them to mutual misery and recrimination.

This explanation is good so far as it goes. But I wonder if it goes far enough. Mr. Gorer is, of course, absolutely right when he points to Jimmy's fear of being destroyed by Alison. But, as one reads the play, one wonders whether Jimmy hates just upper-class women, or whether he does not hate women in general. Listen to him on the subject, and meditate on his imagery:

> When you see a woman in front of her bedroom mirror you realize what a refined sort of a butcher she is. Did you ever see some dirty old Arab, sticking his fingers into some mess of lamb fat and gristle? Well, she's just like that. . . . I had a flat underneath a couple of girls once. You heard every damned thing those bastards did, all day and night. The most simple, everyday actions were a sort of assault course on your sensibilities. . . . Slamming their doors, stamping their high heels, banging their irons and saucepans—the eternal flaming racket of the female.

Indeed, the only way in which Jimmy and Alison can sustain a relationship at all is by pretending to be, not men and women, but bears and squirrels. This whimsy produces some of the most astonishing passages to be found in 20th century drama—passages which I was confident would have been laughed off the New York stage (but I obviously underestimated the power of Mr. Osborne's deeper fantasy):

> JIMMY: You're very beautiful. A beautiful, great-eyed squirrel. (*She nods brightly, relieved.*) Hoarding, nut-munching squirrel. (*She mimes this delightedly.*) With highly polished, gleaming fur, and an ostrich feather of a tail.
>
> ALISON: Wheeeeeee! . . . You're a jolly super bear, too. A really soooooo-per, marvellous bear.
>
> JIMMY: Bears and squirrels *are* marvellous.
>
> ALISON: Marvellous *and* beautiful. (*She jumps up and down excitedly, making little paw gestures.*) Oooooh!

As one might expect from a man who hates women and who can tolerate his wife only by imagining himself a bear and her a squirrel, all Jimmy's vital relationships are with men. He is furious at Alison because she refuses to go to the funeral of Hugh Tanner's mother. Of Alison's friends, the only one, Jimmy tells Alison, who is worth tuppence is a homosexual, "a sort of female Emily Bronte." He spends much of the play rough-housing with Cliff: they wrestle, dance, grapple, roll on the floor, twist each other's ears and exchange repulsive tenderness (CLIFF: "Let me get on with it, you big, horrible man"; or JIMMY: "You're such a scruffy little beast"). "Sometimes," Jimmy muses, "I almost envy old Gide and the Greek Chorus boys." And the meaning of some of his badinage with Cliff is hardly veiled:

> JIMMY: You spend good money on a new pair of trousers, and then sprawl about in them like a savage. . . . Take 'em off. And I'll kick your behind for you.

Or again:

> CLIFF: You're a stinking old bear, you hear me?
>
> JIMMY: Let go of my foot, you whimsy little half-wit. You're making my stomach heave. I'm resting! If you don't let go, I'll cut off your nasty, great, slimy tail!

One need wonder no longer why Jimmy Porter is angry. He is not angry because he is a suppressed or neglected genius. He is not even angry because he is married to an upper-class-girl. He is angry because he is married at all. He bears every mark of a homosexual who has not quite achieved the final moment of self-recognition.

If Mr. Gorer were right, and hypergamy were what *Look Back In Anger* is about, one could understand its vogue in a Britain shuddering before an impending class upheaval, but hardly its vogue in New York, where marrying upwards is stale business. But the play plucks at

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a deeper nerve, in New York as in London. Its contrived mixture of hysteria, sadism and self-pity fascinates audiences already fascinated before they enter the theatre, by the homosexual anxiety, that increasingly prevalent obsession of our theatre, if not of our age. One must, in the end, disagree with Mr. John Raymond who has committed himself to the following singular sentiment: "It has been Mr. Osborne's privilege and good fortune to write the play of his generation." A fairer assessment of *Look Back In Anger* would be to say that it would make a good footnote to the Wolfenden Report.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

MOVIES

The Proper Study of Show Business

AT ONE POINT in *Pal Joey,* Kim Novak, who plays a virtuous chorus girl, speaks the following words to Frank Sinatra: "Confidentially," she says, "I'm stacked." This, I would say, is one of the few lines in the picture that made any sense to me. It is, I am certain, the only sensible one the writers have given Miss Novak to utter; for the most part, when anything resembling a human word or gesture is to be shown upon the screen, the only person who seems to be trusted with the task of expression is Frank Sinatra who plays Pal Joey himself. Mr. Sinatra seems to me a first-rate entertainer and he sings some of the original Pal Joey numbers ("I Could Write a Book," "Bewildered") as well as some other Rodgers and Hart tunes ("I Didn't Know What Time It Was," "Small Hotel") with considerable charm, and verve, and manages to smuggle into a dull musical the morsel of wit and life it has.

Pal Joey (Columbia). *Les Girls* (MGM).

The film, which is based not so much on John O' Hara's book, as on a misty Platonic idea of it, is the story of Joey Evans, a knock-about night club m.c. and kind-hearted lecher, who finds himself singing in a San Francisco night spot whose chorus line is graced with a lovely-looking virtuous young lady named Linda English (Kim Novak). Joey is attracted to all the legs in the line, but especially to Linda's. Linda, on the other hand, seems both magnetized and repelled by Joey's virility (I take it Miss Novak is repelled when she rolls her eyes, and magnetized when she peeks out from under her lashes). While this flirtation is going on, Mrs. Something-or-other Simpson comes along. This character, I am told, is played by Rita Hayworth, but I refuse to believe it. When I was in high school I used to stand in long frost-bitten lines outside the Radio City Music Hall to see Rita Hayworth movies the day they opened; this is not the same woman.

Regardless, Mrs. Something Simpson is a wealthy Nob Hill widow who Joey recognizes as an ex-stripper of Broadway fame. Joey's easy, insulting manner (especially for her, he sings "The Lady is a Tramp") ignites the bum smoldering at the bottom of the lady's soul, and she becomes his Sugar-Mommy, presenting him first with herself and then, to his greater joy, with his own night club on Nob Hill. Life becomes complicated —or at any rate, sillier—when Joey decides that Linda will be the star at the new club and Mrs. Something Simpson says the hell she will. Somehow, in the end, everything works out, but not before Linda, who considers herself the cause of Joey's failure, decides to confront Mrs. Something Simpson in person. What follows is a scene in the drawing room of a Nob Hill mansion in which Miss Novak plays Greer Garson and Miss Hayworth (if that's who it is) plays Bette Davis. I played dead.

ALEGGY, handsome English actress named Kay Kendall is largely responsible for the high comic moments in the Cole Porter musical, *Les Girls.* What is perhaps most winning about Miss Kendall's performance is her apparent willingness, despite her considerable beauty, to be a comedienne. She seems to know what the ladies of *Pal Joey* do not: that the postures of comedy are not the same as the postures of calendar art, and that if you really want to make the audience laugh you may have to appear without lipstick, eyeshadow, and a one-minute old permanent. Miss Kendall's success is that she is able to turn the limitations of her talent inside out in order to produce comedy: she can't sing or dance so she advertises it; she's three-quarters legs and to emphasize the fact occasionally lapses into the canter of a high fashion model turned lame gazelle. This is only the second time I have seen Miss Kendall—the first was blowing trumpet in *Genevieve;* it will be a delight to see her again.

Taina Elg, by the way, who along with Miss Kendall and Mitzi Gaynor, plays a member of the dancing troupe called Les Girls, seems also to have the spirit of musical comedy which is, I suspect, simply the spirit of having fun; she is an engaging floozy, with energy, spark, and a convincing wiggle. The story of *Les Girls* develops out of the fact that Miss Elg, Miss Kendall, and Miss Gaynor are not alone in the act—their boss and senior hoofer is Gene Kelly. Naturally three girls and one man working and playing together leads to misunderstandings, jealousies, and minor treacheries—the final treachery, in fact, the publication by Sybil (Miss Kendall) of an autobiography about her life as *une* girl. The book earns her a libel suit, and the film unravels the story of Les Girls via the court trial. Though the story will not hold your attention for long, most of the song-and-dance routines probably will, especially the Restoration comedy costume number performed by Kendall, Elg, and Gaynor which is a delight to the eye as well as the ear. Mr. Kelly adds to the fun at one point with a brief dance parody of Marlon Brando, but on the whole his alternate attempts at pixyish charm and Tarzan-like leaping and flexing neither add nor detract from the otherwise pleasant proceedings.

PHILIP ROTH

Notes on Contributors

ROBERT GRAVES' newest novel is *They Hanged My Saintly Billy.* BRUCE BLIVEN is in California doing research on a new book. GEOFFREY WAGNER is the author of a new study of Wyndham Lewis. ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR. is a Pulitzer prize-winning historian. PHILIP ROTH writes regularly on films for this journal.

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RECORDS

Off-beat Operas

RECENT opera recordings have offered several works outside of the standard repertory I reported on in my last column. London has placed us in its debt by reissuing on DTL-93001/3 the recording of Berlioz's *The Trojans at Carthage* originally issued here by Westminster. The work, which is the second part of *The Trojans*, contains, especially in the first act, a considerable amount of vocal writing in the bland operatic style of the period that Berlioz used also in the finale of *Romeo and Juliet*. But in the second act the Berlioz mind begins to operate in its individual way, rising to exciting incandescence in the septet *"Tout n'est que paix,"* and producing the wonderful passage with Mercury's repeated *"Italie!"* at the end of the act, the best-known *Royal Hunt and Storm*, and lovely and powerful passages in the third act. In the performance conducted effectively by Scherchen, Arda Mandikian sings well except for strong tremolo and shrillness when she forces high notes; the other soloists are undistinguished but adequate, except for the tenor who sings Iopas' song in the second act; the chorus is good; and the orchestra is that of the Paris Conservatory Concerts Society. Regrettably, the singers are close to the microphone and the orchestra is too far back to be heard as clearly as it should be. No libretto.

Angel 3553 gives us Peter Cornelius' *The Barber of Bagdad*, which turns out to be an engaging German counterpart of Italian operatic comedy. Cornelius had a gift for words that produced amusing German equivalents of Italian patter; he also had a gift for the music that made his words work effectively; and he wrote charming melody for the serious moments. The work is sung superbly by Oscar Czerwonka in the title role, Nicolai Gedda, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and the other soloists, with the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus under Leinsdorf's effective direction.

Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, which has been heard very little in this country before the Metropolitan's production this year, is performed well by the National Opera of Belgrade on London XLLA-41. There is music of similar melodic beauty and dramatic expressiveness in Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades*; but this work the Belgrade company performs poorly on XLLA-44.

The London recording (XLLA-46) of the excellent Vienna State Opera performance of Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, makes it possible to hear a work which has never been performed here, and to discover that it does not compel a revision of the long-accepted low estimate of Strauss's later works, which some reviewers recently have considered necessary. Roland Gelatt in *The Reporter* contended that we should "appreciate that Strauss was capable—like Mozart—of using the same language throughout his lifework to say many things," and asked "would it have been so terrible if Mozart had lived to compose another *Figaro*?" It would not have been at all terrible if Strauss had lived to compose another *Don Quixote*; but what was appalling was that he lived—long after genuine creative activity had stopped—to use his enormous technical virtuosity in the production of endless luxuriant and empty note-spinning like that of *Die Frau ohne Schatten*.

Several fine arias from Handel's *Julius Caesar* are sung beautifully (in German) by Lisa Della Casa on one side of London LL-1576, with arias from Mozart's *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni* and *Cosi fan Tutte* on the reverse side. Also the late Kathleen Ferrier's beautiful voice is heard on London LL-1670 in arias from Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* and Handel's *Atalanta* and songs of Wolf and Jensen that she broadcast in Norway in 1949 (they are marred occasionally by defects in the recording derived from the broadcast); and on LL-1520 in more familiar arias from Gluck's *Orfeo* and Handel's *Xerxes* and songs of Schubert and Schumann.

PART one of Berlioz's *l'Enfance du Christ* also has the bland vocal writing I mentioned earlier; but the Berlioz mind is heard in fascinating operation in the Overture of Part 2, in the lovely "Shepherd's Farewell to the Holy Family" and "Repose of the Holy Family" that follow, and in several moving and beautiful passages in Part 3. However, under Munch's direction all the music is performed, on Victor LM-6053—by the Boston Symphony, New England Conservatory Chorus and soloists—in a bland style which leads me to recommend instead the more expressive performance conducted by Cluytens on Vox PL-7122. Munch's excellent soloists include Cesare Valletti (who astonishes one with a quasi-operatic burst of sound at an unsuitable place in "The Repose of the Holy Family"), Florence Kopleff, Gerard Souzay and Giorgio Tozzi; but Cluytens has good soloists and a better sounding chorus than Munch's, with the Paris Conservatory Concerts Society Orchestra.

Angel 35461 has a number of fine English madrigals and ballets—including favorites like Gibbons' *The Silver Swan* and Morley's *Sing We and Chant It*—and arrangements of folksongs, excellently sung by the English Singers.

Monteverdi's famous madrigal cycle *Lagrime d'Amante al Sepolcro dell' Amata* and a number of smaller pieces are sung beautifully by the New York Pro Musica Antiqua under Noah Greenberg's direction on Columbia ML-5159. And it is exciting to hear the remarkable purity and transparency of tone of the teenagers of the Renaissance Chorus under Harold Brown's direction in motets from Heinrich Isaac's *Choralis Constantinus* and pieces by Palestrina, Des Prés, Tallis, Ruffo and Hassler, on Esoteric 546.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

Dr. von Braun has built, or had an important hand in building, a number. There was, to begin with, the German V-2, which indubitably was built, in large numbers, and whose building was proved by the hundreds that fell on target—London. But this was 12 years ago. More recently Dr. von Braun has had major responsibility for the considerable "family" of missiles, important members of which are guided. I need only mention Corporal and Redstone Perhaps what Mr. Johnson had in mind was longer-range missiles. If so, he is again mistaken, because Dr. von Braun's group also built Jupiter-C, apparently a composite test missile, which "went" more than 3,000 miles and at least once landed in a "target area" from which its nose cone could be recovered. And, finally, Dr. von Braun's group built Jupiter, which, we are assured, is now ready to go into production.

I do not know just what it was that von Braun said that aroused Mr. Johnson. Surely he is not the first to have said that hydrogen bombs properly came before missiles because only with hydrogen bombs are the longer range missiles very practical.

JAMES E. KING, JR.

Washington, D. C.

► *Morgenthau's Conclusions*

HANS MORGENTHAU'S sterling articles of last year a la Suez, where he stood on the sure ground of the informed, intelligent expert in his field, hardly prepared readers for his current free flight into military speculation. The following excerpts will serve as classic examples of hysterically inflated conclusions:

> . . . the ability of the Soviet Union to shoot . . . satellites into outer space has also made manifest the drastic decline in the material military power of the United States.

> . . . the Soviet Union will have operational ICBM's long before the United States will have them.

> The Soviet Union is superior to the United States in the quality and quantity of atomic and conventional weapons . . . in other words, the Soviet Union is superior to the US in almost every department of warfare.

> . . . the United States is no longer . . . equal in actual prospective military power to the Soviet Union.

Nothing you have printed is more *Time*-like.

Et tu, *NR?*

WILLIAM S. HYATT

San Francisco, Calif.

[See the editors comment, page 11]

► *NR's Front Cover*

I CAST one vote for Mr. C. A. Young's proposal in the correspondence column of your December 2, 1957 issue. Your magazine is a welcome antidote to the complacency of the national press and the ironbound morality of many of our leaders. Trouble is, there isn't enough of you. Even one more page would help. Why not move TRB to the front?

PETER PARMANTIE

Mt. Olive, Illinois

" . . . by all means"

I SHOULD like to add my vote to that of C. A. Young. By all means, make fuller use of your pages. Your readers are more interested in the impact of your words than in the size of your type. The daily press can supply headlines. What we want is the story behind the headlines—and the story which is not to be found in the daily press.

RALPH H. BIERCE

Oakland, California

" . . . more content"

MR. YOUNG'S idea is very appealing. It could mean more content.

MARTIN DAVID ZUBIN

Chicago, Ill.

" . . . no real functional need"

THERE IS no real functional need for the large type cover and I for one would welcome the use of this space for other things . . .

GORDON E. BECK

Lawrence, Kansas

" . . . agin it"

I'M agin it.

L. ZILVER

Brooklyn, New York

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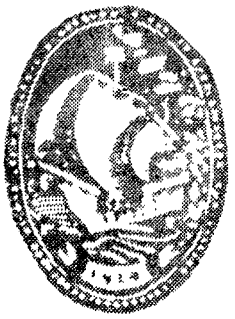

Nothing will repay a man for becoming inhuman. The aim of life is some way of living, as flexible and gentle as human nature; so that ambition may stoop to kindness, and philosophy to candor and humor. Neither prosperity nor empire nor heaven can be worth winning at the price of a virulent temper, bloody hands, an anguished spirit, and a vain hatred of the rest of the world.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

(From "On Fanaticism", *The New Republic*, 1914)

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to all---a Merry Christmas and a New Year of Peace

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